Stoic Philosophy;

Or, The PRAISE of

POVERTY.

A

POEM.

By THE. HILL, *M. B.*

Aude hospes contemnere Opes & te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo. ——— VIRG.

Give me a Country how remote so e'er,
Where Happiness a mod'rate Rate does bear,
Where Poverty its self in Plenty flows,
And all the solid Use of Riches knows.
COWLEY.

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To his Friend

Dr. *THE. HILL,*

On his POEM, call'd,

Stoic Philoſophy; *or the* PRAISE *of* POVERTY.

WHEN firſt the Muſe the Poets Bo-
(ſom fir'd,
Fair *Virtue* only juſt Applauſe in-
(ſpir'd,
The tuneful Throng, the Origen
(of Things,
In charming Lays, trac'd from
(their native Springs.
To cultivate the Soul, to mend the Heart,
Were the juſt Motives of their charming Art.

Next, the chaſte Lover's Flame inſpir'd the Bard;
Not yet the harſh Alarms of War were heard.
To conquer, havock, to enſlave, oppreſs,
Were ſhewn with Horror, in their native Dreſs.
In theſe bleſt Times, not yet were underſtood
The ſofter Names for Tyranny and Blood.
Tis impious to derive a Pow'r from Heav'n
For any End, but juſt and righteous, giv'n.
They, who for Tyranny plead Right divine,
Reaſon and Liberty at once reſign:
Or who in Subjects any Right profeſs,
Without the Pow'r its Seizure to redreſs.

How few, like ſacred GEORGE, who reigns to bleſs,
And only draws the Sword to give us Peace:
Rewards the Good, is to the Thankleſs kind,
And ſhow'rs, like Heav'n, his Bleſſings, unconfin'd.
For thouſand Wrongs, does only Good requite,
And makes us happy in our own Deſpight:

Unites

Unites contending Nations by his Word;
He weilds at once the Ballance, and the Sword:
With milder Reaſons, firſt, they are addreſs'd,
But theſe, not heard, his *Thunder* ſpeaks the reſt.
Aw'd by his Pow'r and Conduct, Tyrants ceaſe
To plague the World, and humbly ſue for Peace.
He, who for Ends like theſe, a Crown receives,
By ſureſt Claim, his Right from Heav'n derives.

Till wide from Virtue, as from Truth, we ſtray'd,
Fair Names were not for impious Actions made,
Nor Virtue (horrid Thought) with Infamy repay'd.

Men might, uncharg'd with Cowardice, forgive,
And Chaſte, or Temp'rate, without Scandal live!
Faſhion, t' adjuſt our Dreſs alone deſign'd,
Againſt all Reaſon, now uſurps the Mind.
Vices, when they grow Epidemical,
Their Horror looſe, nor Vices ſeem at all:

And Virtues, that are out of Faſhion grown,
We may preſerve, but ſcarce can dare to own.

To Vice enſlav'd, a proſtituted Throng,
The Muſes ſacred Seat have held too long;
Have painted gay, with all the Charms of Wit,
Foul Luſt, and prais'd the infamouſly Great.

If for ſome wondrous Heroe good as great,
Like *Marl'brough*, born to ſave a ſinking State;
Triumphal Archs or noble Edifice,
To make his Memory immortal riſe:
If juſtly, many a Wreath the Nine allow,
To grace with fair Renown, the Victor's Brow;
Who in Religion's bold Defence has ſtood,
And for his Country, dearly ſold his Blood:
Yet Virtue bluſhes, and the ſacred Nine
Aſtoniſh'd hear, when Bards profane combine
To proſtitute what Virtue only claims
Of Right, as her peculiar Due, to Names

De-

Deteſtable for wide Deſtruction hurl'd,
With Dæmoniack Fury, thro' the World.

The nobler Valour, *Fortitude*, unſung —
To this, adven'trous Friend, thy Lyre is ſtrung,
To Temp'rance, Patience, Fortitude refin'd,
The lofty Virtues of a lowly Mind:
To Virtues, that in cloſe Retirements dwell,
And ſhun as much, as they the World excel,
Too great for Fame ———
Theſe unfrequented Paths, thy daring Muſe,
Unſway'd by Cuſtom, or by Fears purſues;
Singly attempts to ſtem the Tide of Vice,
And arm'd with Truth alone, its Force defies.
Seeks not in labour'd Smoothneſs to addreſs
Our paſſive Ears with pompous Emptineſs:
Nor from ſonorous Names of trifling Things,
Applauſe, as empty as her Subject brings:
Nor with Deſcription, innocent of Thought,
Is e'er by thee, the courteous Reader caught.

Thy

Thy Theme is *Happineſs*, which all purſue,
But leave too oft, the Subſtance for the Shew.

Go on, thy Cauſe at leaſt deſerves Succeſs,
Nor unſucceeding, is its Juſtice leſs.
Th' important Truth, that in thy ſolid Lines,
With unaffected Grace, majeſtic ſhines,
T' inſtruct, and charm at once, ſo well deſign'd,
Tho' Ignorance obſtinate, and Vice be blind,
At leaſt will pleaſe, if not reform, Mankind.

ERRATA.

Page 3. *Line* 16. *for* need *read* needs.
P. 18. *l.* 13, 14. *r.*
Pleaſure unbid on ſplendid Fortunes wait,
And either Luxury finds or creates.
P. 26. *l.* 14. *for* affect *r.* affects.
P. 29. *l.* 14. *for* innumerate, *r.* innumerable.
P. 36. *l.* 14. *for* caſt *r.* caſe't.

Stoic Philosophy;

Or, The PRAISE of

POVERTY.

HAIL Goddess *Poverty*, my Suit regard;
With Lays divine, inspire thy humble Bard,
That he to erring Mortals may reveal
The Blessings, which within thy Mansions dwell.

To Virtue blind, too oft the tuneful Throng
The Muses have invok'd to aid their Song;
When some successful Robber's Fame they've rais'd,
And under specious Name of Conquest prais'd.

'Tis not the pers'nal Merit, or the Cauſe;
Opinion, Intereſt, Cuſtom, gives th' Applauſe.
A skillful Bard needs not Reality;
He ſeeks not genuine Worth with ſcrup'lous Eye:
Tho' too profane to hold 'em in Poſſeſſion,
He has all *Virtues* in his *Preſentation:*
And, ſhould this fail, by chymic Artifice,
Their very Eſſence, he'd extract from Vice.
Tyrants with Laws, and Liberties diſpence;
Worſe Tyrants, theſe, invade our common Senſe.
Thus ſacred Verſe, that rais'd the juſt, and brave,
That could high Worth from dark Oblivion ſave,
Now ſhakes Diſtinction off, and levels like the Grave.
The Voice of Fame ſo lewdly is beſtow'd,
'Tis nothing to the purpoſe to be good:
Ev'n Infamy's a thing as hard to get
As Reputation, by deſerving it.

2

Flatt'ry, thou glorious Scandal of the Great,
Who can the Wonders of thy Pow'r relate?

Art, Genius, Nature, slow Progressions use;
Thy Word, at once, a Heroe can produce.
Where e'er thy strange transforming Light has shone,
New Forms, and Essences, all Things put on:
Revenge is Honour, Perfidy a Jest;
And Gold of Good and Ill the only Test:
The profane's witty, gen'rous the profuse:
Only the covetous has no Excuse.
Thus Praise, in Time, will bear no higher Price,
Than Lover's Oaths, or Courtiers Promises:
Nay soon, like Prodigies too frequent grown,
Will lose its Name, or turn, perhaps, Lampoon;
Nor longer will the Bounds of Good and Ill be known.

No more of undermining Atheists prate;
The rhiming Crew Virtue and Vice create;
Boundless their Pow'r, * nor need Decrees of State.

---

* Hobbs *his Notion, that there's no Distinction of Good or Ill till human Law has establish'd it.*

What then may the Adventrer bold expect,
Who Virtues obsolete dares to protect,
But of himself, and them, the same Neglect.

Against Truth so unpleasing, see advance
Fix'd Prejudice, triumphant Ignorance,
Fantastick Fashion; Fops of either Sex,
A Legion gay, my honest Cause perplex.
Small Force there needs in such a num'rous Foe,
One feeble Hand's weak Efforts to o'erthrow.
Much may be done by Tofs of Wig immense,
And *Snuff* equivocally gendring Sense.
The Weathy's an unerring Judge of Course,
And bears upon me with resistless Force.
Little can helpless Truth, alas! avail,
When pond'rous Gold bears down the adverse Scale.

Where then, alas! may I expect to find
That pure, that chaste, disinterested Mind,

To

To whom I may th' instructive Lines repeat?
Not to the thoughtless Young, nor gaudy Great:
Nor to th' unwiser Aged, who his Store
The less he can employ it, hoards the more;
Who, wide howe'er from Virtue's Paths he swerves,
One Justice yet (if possible) observes,
T' allow himself no more, than he deserves.

Vain to the Pleader will be my Address:
He'll slight a Cause in *forma Pauperis.*
In vain should I with it the Fair-one vex,
Who sighs for Di'monds, and a Coach and Six;
Regardless wholly whether Fool, or Wise,
Perfection all, or all Deformities,
Be of her Charms the lawful Sacrifice.
Nor dares my honest Goddess shew her Face
To him, who pawns his Conscience for a Place:
And would on the same Pledge so often buy,
Sage *Lucifer* slights the Security.

Nor to the Wretch, from Wiſdom doubly barr'd,
Who firſt for Riches, *Wiſdom* could diſcard;
And then, for ever to foreclose his Claim,
Sinks a fair Competency for a Name.
Who ſhall diſpute it, when to make him Great,
He's rais'd *Three* Letters of the Alphabet?
And to be All that e'er he can be more,
A lucky Turn or Two have made 'em *Four*.

This Man, of Equipage and Title vain,
Will, e'er he reads my lowly Theme, diſdain:
He, in his eaſy Chair, at length reclin'd,
An ample Theme of wondrous Mirth will find.
Well have you choſe, O Bard obſcure! to praiſe
The Torment of your reſtleſs Nights and Days.
But while the Laugh yet ſhakes his roſy Face,
A *Pang* of *Gout* has ſeiz'd, alas! his *Grace*:
His haſty Mirth is turn'd to Sighs and Groans,
Vainly his Woes incurable he moans;

Happy,

Happy, he cries, the meaneſt of my Slaves,
Whom *Povetty* from all theſe Evils ſaves.

Thus ſhall a pointed Pain awake the Great,
And make him find that all the awful State,
The Pomp, the bended Knees, and Homage paid
To the World's Idol *Gold*, have quite betray'd
His Truſt repos'd; too empty to ſecure
From Ills, we all are deſtin'd to endure.

Poor and unthinking Mortals! too elate
Their Minds, on bare ſuſpenſion of ill Fate;
The irreverſible Decree on all
Humane, pronounc'd, ſooner or late muſt fall.
Life's a Diſeaſe, and he enjoys it beſt,
Who knows of its Inquietudes the leaſt.

But where ſhall leaſt Inquietude be found?
Not where the Pangs of Guilt the Conſcience wound;

Where

Where Luxury enflames the boiling Blood,
And all *Pandora's* Box is mix'd with daily Food.

Cool and ſedate remains the temp'rate Breaſt,
No undigeſted Fumes diſturb his Reſt:
Nor cover'd lies, within ſome ſtrong Ragouſt,
The Mine, that may his Virtue overthrow:
Or for imagin'd Wrongs excite a Rage,
Which only riſquing greater can aſſwage!
As if of Miſeries there wanted more,
Than Luxury already has in Store!
Or that we needed, in our daily Food,
Incentives greater, than in Fleſh and Blood!
Hence 'tis the Harlot boaſts her conq'ring Charms:
From vile Conteſts hence riſe ſuch fatal Harms,
When he, whom Wiſdom would have taught to bear,
Turns Jury, Judge, and Executioner.

Degen'rate Man! whence elſe this barb'rous Rage?
This Thirſt, which nothing can but Blood aſſwage.

True

True *Fortitude* diſclaims the Coward Race,
That meanly fear a miſconceiv'd Diſgrace.
By Maxims far eſtrang'd from Truth they live,
Unknowing that the Brave alone forgive.
By Cuſtom ſway'd, againſt their Will they dare,
Honour's the fair Pretext, the Motive *Fear.*
Prepoſt'rous Bravery, that poorly flies,
The Scorn of Fools, yet boldly Heav'n defies,
At *Virtue* bluſhes, unaſham'd of *Vice.*

One Fear alone is by the Good profeſs'd,
And that expels all other from his Breaſt;
Whate'er true Brav'ry bids, he knows t' endure,
Who ſmiles at the World's Scorn, and dares be poor.

By Wiſdom's everlaſting Rules he ſteers,
And thus forearm'd, Life's rougheſt Tempeſts bears.
From Fortune's Empire wiſely he retires,
And nothing fears, as nothing he deſires.

Enough's th' Horizon, where his Proſpect ends,
Where *Heav'n* to cloſe the beauteous Scene deſcends.
He knows the Lightnings ſtrike the tow'ring Oak,
While humbler Shrubs eſcape the fatal Stroke.

Could with Succeſs our utmoſt Wiſh be crown'd,
Yet if what we poſſeſs be made the Bound
Of our Deſires, the ſame Event is found.
The Wretch, who ſtill to mighty Things aſpires,
Not fills, tho' he accompliſh, his Deſires.
Still, as he ſoars aloft, more wide in view
The Proſpect lies, which his vaſt Hopes purſue:
Till, at the laſt, grown giddy with his Height,
Headlong he falls, oppreſt by his own Weight.

Of true Content ſo lowly is the Seat,
The Darts fly o'er its Head, that wound the Great.
And if ſome Darts from Heav'n direct are ſent
To thoſe for Tryal, theſe for Scourges meant.

Still

Still in great Minds, by ſtrange Hypoſtaſis,
The vital Form of Happineſs there lies;
Tho' they the outward Accidents confeſs,
Of what misjudging Man may call Diſtreſs.
The Mind is its own beſt Inheritance,
Unliable to Fortune, Fate, or Chance.
'Tis not to bear, does Miſery create,
But poorly to ſink under adverſe Fate.

When Nations mourn th' Events of Civil War,
Who but the Rich, the Spoil, or Danger ſhare?
As ſome rich City, diſſolute Dragoons;
So Fortune veering, treats her fav'rite Sons:
The Wealthy, as her deſtin'd Prey, purſues;
They only what they call their own can looſe.

Let the great Man, the Man of Fortunes tell,
Let him, unprejudic'd, conſider well,
How much on Want he ſtill for all depends,
Which Nature gratifies, adorns, defends:

Are his propitious Nights returning bleſt
On downy Beds, with Eaſe and needful Reſt;
Thank *Poverty*, which urg'd ſome lowly Brain
T' invent the Loom, the Anvil, and the Plane.
Does he, by Engine curious, quickly ſay,
How long the circling Sun has warm'd the Day;
And marking Minutes certainly aver,
That ev'n the Sun does regularly err;
'Twas *Poverty* alone that could reveal,
To humane Wit, that curious Utenſil.
Induſtrious *Want* our Lazineſs o'er-rules,
Or Earth would groan beneath the Weight of Fools.
'Twould tedious prove to give the whole Detail,
But if to baniſh her you could prevail,
So much their Motives lean on her alone,
That with her, all your Arts and Sciences are gone.

Bleſt Poverty! what Ills doſt thou prevent?
Shall I commit this Crime? Shall I conſent

To ſtain my Soul (cries the devout poor Man)
With ſuch a horrid Guilt, becauſe I can?
Oh no ——— —
For then my tortur'd Heart would repreſent
The Ills I ſuffer, as a Vengeance ſent.
Ill Fortune feebly throws a random Dart,
But Conſcience with it, ſtabs the guilty Heart.
To ſhun Life's num'rous Ills, 'tis all I have,
My Innocence in all Aſſaults to ſave:
While, in this firm Reſolve, I conſtant live,
I taſte the greateſt Bliſs this Life can give;
Were this once loſt, no Wealth could make me bleſt,
Nor Down indulge, nor Guards ſecure my Reſt.

Propitious Heav'n does oft, with kind Intent,
The vicious Growth of dang'rous Wealth prevent,
Leſt that its baneful Influence ſhould infuſe,
Taint the good Soil, and mar its fair Produce;
For as too little ſtarves, too much o'er feeds,
And, ſtead of Grain, o'er-runs the Soil with Weeds.

Tho'

Tho' the best Things in humane Life to all,
By Lot of equal Distribution fall;
Yet many Evils Fortune has in Store,
Which are not to be purchas'd by the Poor.
If learn'd *Necessity* shou'd make us wise,
'Tis better so, than to be Fools on Choice.

Fame tells, that once a grave Philosopher
Seeing a beaut'ous Harlot at her Door,
Thus enter'd into short Converse with her:
He meant at first only a curious Gaze
At the exact Proportion of her Face,
(But nat'ral Appetites the Wise no less,
Than Souls of an inferior Form possess)
Madam, cries he, no more display those Charms,
From which no Wisdom has defensive Arms;
Or, if the Wounds of Love I'm doom'd to feel,
Give me the Balm too which its Wounds can heal.

Grave,

Grave Sir, ſaid ſhe, if I that briſtled Face
And Form unfiniſh'd, ſhould conſent t' embrace,
Firſt with your Pocket wiſely take Advice,
For no leſs than five Pieces is my Price;
Pare from thoſe Nails the black Circumference,
And with the Barber's Hand awhile diſpence;
However mean you think me, none but Men
This Boſom yet did ever entertain.

The Sage had now regain'd ſome Time (Thought)
And thus was from Surprize, to Reaſon brought.

Your ſlipp'ry Favour let ſome other boaſt,
Bought at the certain Price, his Wiſdom loſt;
Who for ſuch Traffick ever deals at all,
The Pay too great, the Purchaſe finds too ſmall:
With *Wiſdom* only therefore I'll adviſe,
Repentance is too dear at any Price.

He

He who has well ſuſtain'd a lowly State,
Might not perhaps be virtuous when Great;
In greateſt Affluence of Waves on Seas,
Leaſt Terrors thoſe who ſail can juſtly ſeize;
But in Life's Voyage they moſt Dangers know,
On whom unbounded Affluences flow.

To follow the Impulſe, t' indulge our Senſe,
Proves and enlarges too our Indigence;
Ev'n natural Appetites are Creditors,
Scarce civil Duns, which daily haunt our Doors;
And as the Soul or Body bears the ſway,
Little, or great's the Debt we have to pay.
Modeſt, at firſt, are the Demands they plead,
They ask not to be entertain'd, but fed;
Nor would they e'er at laſt voluptuous grow,
But we provoke and teach them to be ſo.
Nature's Demands with Eaſe are ſatisfy'd,
Earth, Air, and Sea, cannot for Luxury provide.

The Soul is a Poſſeſſion worth our Care;
The Body needs be kept but in Repair:
All that we give beyond what Nature craves,
Is but to make us miſerable Slaves:
Yet Luxury adds daily ſome new Score,
And preſs'd for Pay, engages ſtill for more;
And, as if Nature's Wants were thought too few,
For one of her's, invents a Hundred New.
Who treats his Appetites as welcome Gueſts,
Is quickly by their baſtard Brood oppreſt.
To Witchcraft train'd, they ſoon their Magic try,
And all their ſoft deluding Charms apply.
Diſpoſers of his Fate they next commence,
And largely promiſe Joys for ev'ry Senſe.
But on what Terms is their high Favour ſhewn?
His Sov'raign Reaſon firſt he muſt dethrone;
And to preclude for ever his Retreat,
The Syren Pleaſure in the Throne is ſet.

Fair is her Face, but foul her latent Form,
Serene without, within a ceaſeleſs Storm:
She, heedleſs Youth, invites like ſmiling Seas,
Conceals her Wrecks, and fatal Treacheries.
Far off ſhe charms like bold *Ixion*'s Cloud,
But proves no Goddeſs, if too cloſe purſu'd.
Her higheſt Prize in expectation lives,
But not a Moment when poſſeſs'd ſurvives.
Shame and Remorſe the ſhort-liv'd Bliſs purſues,
Yet ſtill fond Youth the wretched Chace renews;
And, to forget his late Expectance curs'd,
Follows a Cheat as empty as the Firſt.
Pleaſures unbid on ſplendid Fortunes wait,
And either Luxury finds or does create:
Her Joy is an intoxicating Draught,
Its ill Effects by ſad Expetience bought.
Rarely, alas! we find an humane Brain
Uncaptiv'd its inchanting Power ſuſtain.

Prudence forgets all its defenſive Arms,
The Soul is melted by her magic Charms,
Well may that conquer us, which firſt diſarms;
Ev'n Virtue's ſelf reſigns her awful Sway,
And wiſeſt Reſolution melts away.

But when, alluring by its pleaſing Taſte,
The ſubtile Poiſon thro' the Veins is paſt;
Conſcience with all its Terrors arm'd awakes,
And the whole Soul with dire Convulſions ſhakes.
Pleaſure like Lightning horrible, tho' bright,
In a dark Soul, may gild the gloomy Night;
But Innocence, the Day-light of the Soul,
Enlightens and envigorates the Whole.

If the Enchantreſs, with her ſoothing Voice,
Proffer for Life uninterrupted Joys,
Shun the vile Proſtitute: the Bankrupt's way
Is ſtill to put us off with Words for Pay.

Beſides, on ignominious Terms ſhe gives,
Even when no Crime, Remorſe of Conſcience leaves,
Yet who without a Bluſh her choiceſt Gift receives?
What is the great Voluptuary's Boaſt?
That he to Appetites can give the Moſt!
But Luxury this Riddle does beget,
The more we give, the more we are in Debt.
Miſtaken Wretch! were it not better we,
Like Angels, from all Indigence were free?

Self-Love, thou Virtue little underſtood,
Might'ſt thou return thou'dſt make us wiſe and good.
True Pleaſure is too ſober and ſevere,
To ſuffer Souls in lewd Exceſs to ſhare:
It tries all Satisfactions by the Teſt,
Of what they will appear when they are paſt:
Permits not the aſpiring Mind t'engage
In headſtrong Appetites, or Paſſions Rage.
He meanly humane Happineſs miſtakes,
Who the Delight of Senſe its Eſſence makes:

As

As the poor Wretch can ſcarce be ſaid to live,
Who Strength from Cordials only can receive.

When Humane Nature's Lot, Diſtreſs or Pain,
(Before unfelt) we're deſtin'd to ſuſtain,
How much more bitter is Affliction's Taſte,
When 'tis compar'd with Pleaſures gone and paſt?
Falſe Pleaſures, like abandon'd Miſtreſſes,
Forſake us when they've brought us to Diſtreſs,
Nay, ev'n upbraid us with our Wretchedneſs.
The nobler Minds Delights ſublime and pure,
The Tryal of Affliction will endure;
Encourage and ſupport the drooping Soul,
And all the Malice of our Fate controul.

May then a lowly State be my Defence,
If that alone can guard my Innocence.
If to be rais'd on vicious Means relies;
Oh! may I never condeſcend to riſe.

Pardon

Pardon, ye truly Great, who have combin'd,
With honour'd Names a yet more noble Mind:
If ſuch be ſacred Virtue's awful Pow'r,
That it can elevate the humble Poor;
The *virtuous Great*, emphatically ſo,
Make Virtue's ſelf to all yet lovelier grow.
If this alone can raiſe the poor Man's State,
Virtue her ſelf takes Luſtre from the Great.

Thus ſung the Bard; the humble Goddeſs heard,
And as he paus'd, conſpicuous appear'd.
Thoughtful, but yet unruffled, was her Face;
Plain, yet becoming, was her humble Dreſs.
Unlovely at the firſt ſhe might appear,
But more deſireable as ſhe drew near.
Majeſtic, grave her Air; her awful Look
The Heart with higheſt Veneration ſtruck.
Upon her elevated Brow ſedate,
Fix'd in her ſtedfaſt Mind, appear'd in State,
The Scorn of all the giddy World calls Great.

With

With ſanguine Air her vig'rous Look was grac'd;
No anxious Care her ſettled Calm defac'd.
Upon the Bard ſhe caſt a gracious Look,
And with gay Air *Macte Virtute* ſpoke.
Oft with her Preſence ſhe his Manſions grac'd:
To hear his tuneful Song, the Regions bleſt
She oft forſook: Not to the happy Swains,
Poſſeſſors of the fam'd *Arcadian* Plains,
Pan or *Sylvanus* frequenter appear'd,
Or with their Strains thoſe bliſsful Regions cheer'd:
Him ſhe pronounc'd her only Fav'rite Bard,
And now to touch the charming Lyre prepar'd.

But firſt ſhe bid retreat the dusky Cloud,
Or Miſts obſcure, which her Retinue ſhroud.
Strait there appear, emerg'd to open Sight,
Three Forms of heav'nly Race, array'd in Light
Refulgent, glorious, yet refracted ſo
That mortal Senſe the Blaze might undergo.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, the Firſt, her Look ſedately great,
Riches and Honours lay beneath her Feet,
With Glories falſe, tho' glittering array'd,
Effac'd by her's, as by the Light the Shade.

At her Right Hand a beauteous Maid appear'd,
Whoſe very Looks the pleas'd Beholders cheer'd.
Bright as *Aurora*, gay as ſmiling Flow'rs,
Refreſh'd by *Zephir's* Breath, or gentle Show'rs.
Health ſhe was call'd, much courted by the Great,
But ſtill more conſtant to the lowly State:
Nor will ſhe e'er his vain Addreſs prefer,
Who baſely thinks with Gold to purchaſe her.

But to compleat the Scene, a Goddeſs bright,
Siſter to *Wiſdom*, next appear'd in ſight:
Naked ſhe was, but yet ſo Chaſte her Look,
Such reverend Awe the heav'nly Virgin ſtruck;
Her Form at once could chill the vicious Heart,
And to the Good reſiſtleſs Warmth impart:

Truth

Truth ſhe was call'd: The Goddeſs *Poverty*
Into her Hand, as the bright Form drew nigh,
Her Lyre reſign'd; ſhe thus the Theme eſſay'd,
And to the raviſh'd Audience ſung and play'd.

Wars fatal *Harms*, let the unthinking Throng
Proclaim, and proſtitute to Vice their Song:
I ſing the Hero, who deſerves the Name,
The lowly Wiſe, ſole Heir of virtuous Fame;
Who Virtue courts, fair *Virtue* only loves,
And equally without a Dow'r approves.
Attend, ye miſinform'd, preſumptive Great,
While I his ample Share of Bliſs relate.

For Him the od'rous *Zephirs* fan the Air;
For Him the Fields Heav'ns various Liv'ry wear;
For Him the Earth her beauteous Carpet ſpreads,
And decks with blooming Flow'rs the ſmiling Meads.
And when too ſultry Heats his Limbs infeſt,
On her ſweet Boſom laid, he takes his Reſt:

(Under ſome lofty Oak's defenſive Shade,
By a deſcending Rill ſupinely laid)
While gently her diurnal Round ſhe goes,
And ſoftly ſeems to rock him in Repoſe.
Vain are your Boaſts of mean Propriety,
While Nature's choiceſt Gifts to all are free.
Under the forming Hand of the Supreme,
Thus heav'nly fair was Nature made for Him.
Her Charms their great Original confeſs,
Muſic her Voice, and Colour is her Dreſs.
Hence undulated Air its Raptures brings,
Wak'd by melodious Breath, or tuneful Strings.
Nor leſs of gaudy Flow'rs the wondrous Dye
Affect with viſual Harmony the Eye:
While *Phœbus* gazing with renew'd Delight,
Scarce knows his own reverberated Light.
So full of Smiles all o'er is Nature made,
None but a vicious Heart can e'er be ſad.
To all theſe Pleaſures lowly Innocence
Has the beſt Title, and moſt juſt Pretence.

Health,

Health, Reaſon, Strength, the Poor does beſt enjoy,
For Luxury does all alike deſtroy.

For Him bright *Phoſpher*, Centinel of Day,
Darts thro' the dusky Gloom his brandiſh'd Ray.
For Him the Morn, in ſilver Mantle dreſs'd,
Diſplays the riſing Glories of the Eaſt:
While Earth revolving from Night's gloomy Sway,
Haſtes to return Him to alternate Day.
For Him ſweet *Philomel* makes tuneful Moan,
That reſpits ev'ry Grief, except her own.
For Him pale *Cynthia* her Horn renews,
And Flow'rs are cheer'd by ſoft diſtilling Dews.
In Sleep ſecure He due Refreſhment takes;
He ſleeps, but Heav'n with all its Eyes awakes:
Miniſtring Sons of Light, unſeen, attend,
And watchful o'er their Charge, his Ways defend.
The ſtarry Canopy above our Head
By Night, with Thouſand radiant Glories ſpread;

Each pretty Warbler, that exulting ſings
By ſhady Groves, or gentle murm'ring Springs:
Return of Day and Night, Viciſſitude
Of the Years Seaſons, grateful to preclude
The Wearineſs that Fancy ſtill would haunt,
Had we been doom'd Viciſſitudes to want.

Theſe things are num'rous, great, important, high;
And juſtly may imaginary Wants ſupply.
All theſe Delights th' indulgent Hand of Heav'n,
With equal Care to All, alike has given.

With theſe compar'd, how Trifling are the Things
From which the Great, his Proofs of Eminence brings?
Tiſſues and Gold adorn his coſtly Dreſs,
And uſeleſs Lacqueys ſtill behind him preſs:
He on his Finger wears ſome coſtly Gem,
To purchaſe Wonder rather than Eſteem;
Wonder! that he, who as a common Right,
May view, unbought, the Sun's tranſcendent Light;

Who

Who idolizes Gold, ſo much ſhould quit,
Ev'n for a Toy, more uſeleſs far than it!

To ſatiate Appetites the Poor's content:
The Rich not gratify them, but prevent;
Drink before Thirſty, before Hungry, eat;
And before weary, to their Bed retreat:
But ſcarce before the Sun refulgent bright,
Obſcures the Stars by myſtic Veil of Light.
Strange Doctrines of delirous Luxury!
Sol's kindly Rays, Tapers impure ſupply:
And, for a true ſubſtantial Happineſs,
Only the Shadow of it they poſſeſs.
Gratify Nature's Wants before they crave,
Yet Appetites innumerate have,
From Luxury inſatiate as the Grave.
Nay, ſome no leſs are haunted Day and Night,
By Ghoſt of a departed Appetite!
Still urging, to provide the wanton Feaſt,
Which the Poor Nothing has no Pow'r to taſte!

To

To court themſelves, and others too, in vain,
For what, when granted, they can ne'er obtain!

With what Variety of Wretchedneſs,
Does Luxury its Devotees diſtreſs?
An Old young Man, worn out betimes appears,
Preſs'd by the Weight of Five-and-Twenty Years;
Thrice flux'd, in Seven long Years, ſcarce ſober (Thrice,
Reſtleſs on Down, the ſhatter'd Sinner lies,
And ſcarce with Cordials his fail'd Strength ſup- (plies:
Yet thus retards a while his fleeting Breath
With preſent Eaſe, but ſure impending Death.
Of actual Vice, by Vice, the Cure is wrought;
He only can be vicious now in Thought.
Vain Medicines around in order ſtand,
Death's *gilded Weapons*, rang'd on ev'ry Hand;
Bolus or *Pill*, Death offers him his Choice:
Not in a mean or vulgar way he dies!

Theſe,

Theſe, *Cupid*, now are thy ungentle Arms!
And theſe the harſh Effects of Loves ſoft Charms!
If that which kindles his too real Flame,
And wounds unfeign'd, deſerve no harſher Name.
Cupid, too much thy golden Arrows do,
Unfairly you this hapleſs Life purſue,
Theſe Darts are gilt, alas! and poiſon'd too:
Tyrannic Death with gahſtly Smiles ſtands by,
Nor needs, to ſee him fall, one Dart ſupply.

Satyr, be ſerious, when thou tell'ſt the reſt,
The tragic Scene is much too ſad for Jeſt.
With wild Aſtoniſhment, around him wait
His Friends, he only thoughtleſs of his Fate,
Which for his Summons rides impetuous on,
To tell the Wretch his lateſt Sand is run.
Already half conſum'd, down ſinks his Corſe,
And the laſt Breath he utters is a Curſe.

In deep Affliction his chaſte Mother ſtands,
Nor longer now her tort'ring Grief commands,
But beats her Breaſts and wrings her guiltleſs Hands:
With far more Anguiſh for his *Exit* torn,
Than once ſhe ſuffer'd when the Wretch was born.

Ev'n to himſelf unknown, miſtaken Man
Preſumes his Fellow's Happineſs to ſcan.
Thoſe who enjoy the largeſt Happineſs,
He's often pittying as in Diſtreſs;
And thoſe whom anxious Conſcience hourly wounds,
He with the Happy in his Thoughts confounds.

Riches and Poverty in ev'ry Breaſt,
We find in room of Vice and Virtue plac'd:
But cruel and unjuſt is ſuch a Thought,
When to th' unerring Teſt of Reaſon brought:
For oh! how oft the Pow'r of doing Ill,
Alone is able to create the Will?

Falſe your Ideas are of Honour, Fame;
That Riches only can create a Name!
Poets are ſure Exceptions to the Rule,
Nor incompatible are Rich and ——
Sound, ſound, thy loud Etherial Trumpet, Fame,
Great *Homer* to the wond'ring World proclaim.
Tell the Dictators, and the matchleſs Kings,
Who threw away, as vile and dang'rous Things,
Riches and Honours, all the Pomp of State,
And to be Good, choſe rather be Great:
Rather than Rich, I ſhould alas! have ſaid,
By vulgar Thought, how was my Mind miſlead?

The greateſt Monuments of deathleſs Fame
Are rais'd, where Virtue only gives a Name.
The greateſt Man, who e'er the Earth adorn'd,
Riches, as far below his Virtue, ſcorn'd.
All humane Excellence in *Virtue* lies:
Greatneſs can ne'er be what 'tis *Greatneſs* to deſpiſe.

Thus ſang the Goddeſs; and to noble Thought
So high the Poet's raptur'd Boſom wrought;
The Deities retiring, he again
Aſſum'd his Lyre ——
But as he tun'd his Strings, on Raptures high
Intent, a hideous Form in haſte drew nigh,
By envious *Dæmons* to his Manſions ſent:
A Fiend ſhe was, with Garments tatter'd, rent;
Ill boding, horrid, ghaſtly was her Face;
Upon her conſcious Brow ſat foul Diſgrace,
Dejected Baſeneſs, Cunning, Impudence;
Yet to Compaſſion ſtill ſhe made pretence:
Tho' Vice alone had made her what ſhe was:
A juſt Effect of an unrighteous Cauſe.
Want, as her Name, ſhe does to Men profeſs;
But by the Gods ſhe is call'd *Idleneſs*.
To enter to the Bard ſhe thrice eſſay'd,
But *Poverty* ſent *Virtue* to his Aid;
At ſight of whom, aſtoniſh'd, ſhe retir'd,
And virtuous Thoughts renew'd, the Poet fir'd.

You'll

You'll ſay, perhaps, in Theory, 'tis fine!
But how ſhall we conforming Actions join?

The Way long ſince is practicable found;
Not in the Air we walk, but on firm Ground.
Some elevated Souls the World has ſhewn,
Of Appetites and Paſſions like your own;
Who ne'er of Wealth the Honour underſtood,
Nor any Greatneſs but in being Good:
Who knew the Ends for which Mankind were born,
And made the World, and all its Pomps, their Scorn.
Who bravely fought on injur'd Virtue's ſide,
When the whole World its baffled Cauſe decry'd;
Heroes, who Conqueſts greater far obtain'd,
Than thoſe who Cities took, or Battles gain'd:
Not falſly fam'd for Tyranny and Blood,
But that its ſtrong Allurements they withſtood.

Great *Epictetus*, thou Celeſtial Mind,
By Virtue's noble Maxims how refin'd!

What Tongue, what Pen, can juſtly celebrate
Thy Soul's, in Slav'ry, triumphant State!
But nothing can enſlave that free-born Soul,
That can his moſt tyrannic Self controul;
Make head-ſtrong Will to Reaſon's Sway ſubmit,
And Paſſions gently riſe, or calm retreat.

As basking in the Sun, *Diogenes*
One Day with ſtudious Brow reclin'd at Eaſe,
His Mind ſuperior to all Diſcontent,
His Body caſt in wooden Tenement;
So nicely hoop'd, adjuſted, ſtrongly barr'd,
That Rain or Wind alike it ſafely dar'd;
Its Matter ſuch, as not unfitly ſpoke
Its ſturdy Owner — ſolid Heart of Oak;
For as his Houſe, his Soul, unſhaken ſtood,
And o'r-inform'd the Tenement of Wood.
As thus he ſate, and turn'd his Door at Noon,
Glad to receive the warm reviving Sun,

The World's fam'd Conq'ror, with Majeſtic Strut,
Approach'd *Diogenes*'s Manſion Hut,
And thus the Tenant of the well-ribb'd Oak,
With gracious Condeſcenſion firſt beſpoke.

Diogenes, drawn hither by your Fame,
To viſit you with kind Intent I came:
I know your Soul too large for this your State,
Henceforward deign to know a happier Fate;
Say, what it is can *Alexander* give,
That you to raiſe your Fortunes would receive?
To this the Sage reply'd with ſuch Reſpect,
As was enough not to imply Neglect.

Great Sir, that ev'n the greateſt Man may err,
This Day you give me Reaſon to aver,
Judging you ſomewhat might on me confer;
Implicitly affirming, that Content
Reſides not in this humble Tenement:

Unmind-

Unmindful that, while you the Offer make,
The *Sun*'s bright *Orb* your Majeſty opake
Eclipſes, and from me a *Good* you take;
Greater than the *World's Conqueror* can give,
Or from his boaſted Sov'raignty receive.

Go then, I pity much your dang'rous State!
Be Good, and you the ſafer may be Great:
Boaſt not you've now no Conqueſts to purſue,
The greateſt ſtill remains —Your ſelf ſubdue;
And when your Generoſity would grant,
Find a fit Object, — one that is in Want.

Away the Monarch diſappointed went,
The Sage remain'd within his Tub content.
This *Story's Moral* tells you *not* to *fall*,
The only *way* is ne'er to climb at *all*.

But here, methinks, ſome One, whom all revere,
Wiſer by *many Thouſand Pounds* a Year

Than

Than the poor Bard! begins 'twixt Mirth and Scorn
To all my Arguments, to make return ——
—But are not we the Lords of all Mankind,
And free to do juſt as we are inclin'd?
Does not good Fortune liberally deal
All Nature's Store, to furniſh ev'ry Meal?
Do not the Honours paid, and Crowds that wait
Our courted Smiles, proclaim our happy State?

If this, and more, a Thouſand Times I grant,
Yet ſtill the greateſt Happineſs you want;
Liberty! which alone the virtuous Mind
Can in his humble Competency find.
Not he, who Pleaſures falſe Delights purſues,
But who his reſtleſs Appetites ſubdues,
Is free, and all the Satisfaction knows,
Which Fate's Decree to Humane Kind allows:
The reſt are *Slaves*; ſome by Ambition made,
By Honour ſome to the hard Fate betray'd;

To others ſome, *more* to themſelves enſlav'd;
But ſcarce a Mortal from the Sentence ſav'd.

Judging by vain Opinion's erring Rule,
Inſtead of being learn'd in Reaſon's School,
Blind to the num'rous Bleſſings we poſſeſs,
We're daily tortur'd by ſome falſe Diſtreſs:
He who by Reaſon lives, can ne'er be poor;
Who by Opinion only, muſt endure
The meaneſt Want ſtill, ſtill to wiſh for more.

The Ills we feel, the Pleaſures we poſſeſs,
To be not what they ſeem, we ſhall confeſs;
When by right Retroſpect we view the paſt,
And truly judge the preſent Good we taſte.
For Pleaſures paſt do preſent Pain produce;
And Troubles over, preſent Joy infuſe.
Better is therefore Pain that leads to Joy,
Than Joys which muſt our future Peace deſtroy.

If Man ſurcharg'd with too abundant Store,
Receives ſtill, when he can contain no more;
Diſturb'd and dangerous the Torrent rouls,
Nor Bank, nor Bound, its rapid Force controuls;
Againſt luxurious Flow, the Fence not Proof,
Diſſever'd, broke, no more contains enough.
Faſter it waſts, than it can be ſupply'd,
Nor longer can the River's oozy ſide
Unſightly Mire and putrid Shallows hide.
Exceſs and Want are both our dang'rous Foes,
And both to Evils numberleſs expoſe:
The laſt, with utmoſt Induſtry, we chaſe,
The firſt, unmindful of its Snares, embrace;
But ſure, more Fatal is the Enemy
We court, than whom we as Infection fly.
Hard it may be to bear a lowly State;
But harder to be Innocent and Great.

Little, but yet perennial is the Spring,
Which does the Poor his Competency bring;

While Streams, that ſwell with ev'ry falling Rain,
Cannot ſometimes a Summer's Drought ſuſtain.
But if the Stream's Supply ſhould prove ſo great,
That it can ſafely dare the *Dog-Star*'s Heat;
Yet ſtill inceſſant does its Affluence flee,
Haſting into the all-devouring Sea.
Wealth is no longer Wealth than while it flows;
Flowing it waſts, and by Reſt uſeleſs grows:
Happy the Man, who ne'er its proper Uſe
Perverts into its mean and vile Abuſe.

Wiſdom's my wiſh'd-for Choice, which to obtain,
Nor would I Wealth, nor Indigence ſuſtain.
That Soil alone the Fruits of Wiſdom bears,
Which neither Dearth nor Inundation fears.
Can her ſoft Whiſpers reach our deafen'd Ear,
In Battails Triumphs, or the Civil War
Of Tongues, proclaim'd around the noiſy Bar;
Where captive Juſtice is in Triumph led,
And clam'rous Mouths by talking only fed?

Nor

Nor can ſhe be in Courts a welcome Gueſt;
Her Seat is there by Artifice poſſeſs'd;
And if the Worthy riſe, he buys too dear
Imaginary Good with real Care.
Fraud, Flatt'ry, Calumny commands the Scale,
And *Fortune* ſtill is thank'd, whoe'er prevail!
Here, firſt, her airy Goddeſsſhip was known,
And the firſt Step ſhe made, was to a Throne,
Which ſhe no ſooner gain'd, but trampled on:
Hence to the Heav'ns the glitt'ring Vapour flies,
Secure by her own want of Weight to riſe,
And claims among her kindred Deities:
This mighty Phantom, Siſter to blind *Chance*,
Begot, and worſhip'd too, by Ignorance:
Groſs *Ign'rance*, which the *true Prime Agent* hides,
The Hand, which ev'ry where unſeen preſides,
And all Events of human Actions guides.
Nothing but for our Welfare Heav'ns decree;
We, we alone create our Miſery.

In this *World's Drama*, each of humane Kind
Has in the various Scene a Part aſſign'd:
Each may, in his own proper Sphere excel,
But 'tis a Heroe's part to ſuffer well.
He, who in his own lowly part has ſhin'd,
Has oft a higher Character aſſign'd.
Monarchs appear a while in envy'd State,
But are reſerv'd for ſome diſaſtrous Fate;
Tho' oft behind the well-appointed Scene
Their Suff'rings fall, too horrid to be ſeen.

Be mine whate'er; me, nor ſhall adverſe Fate
Deject, nor proſp'rous vainly elevate.
If thro' tempeſtuous Seas in Life I roul,
Be *Virtue* ſtill my Magnet, *Truth* my Pole,
Prudence my Ballaſt, *Fortitude* my Sword,
And glorious *Hope* my Anchor's triple Chord.
On this we may depend ——
Where e'er of Happineſs be the Abode,
Wiſdom's the *Guide*, and *Virtue* is the Road.

Thus

Thus has th' advent'rous Muſe purſu'd the Chaſe
Of *Happineſs* thro' ev'ry winding Maze,
And finds no State of Life ſecurely bleſt;
Here then let all thy anxious Labours reſt!
From all our roving, back return'd, we find,
True Happineſs is only in the Mind.
The Mind alone true Satisfaction knows;
The Joy that courts, more by Poſſeſſion grows.
Encreaſing Wiſdom, elegant Deſires,
And the chaſt Raptures Friendſhip pure inſpires;
Grateful Reflections on good Actions paſt,
Hopes that immortal Joys already taſte:
The ſteadfaſt *Peace,* the calm Delight that flows
From Virtue, and which Virtue only knows:
A Fortitude prepar'd for all Alarms,
Which Fortune, Fate, and Death it ſelf diſarms.
'Tis this the Soul with ſecret Tranſport cheers,
Rais'd to ſuch Hopes, as leave no Room for Fears.

In ſuch a Soul, the ſame fixt Calm is found,
With Pleaſures, or with Torments compaſs'd round
Secure alike, or in a Civil War,
Or ſhould the Elements like Tumults ſhare:
Should Fate diſſolve the univerſal Chain,
And to firſt Chaos all return again:
The Stars drop from their Orbs, the Moon be Blood,
And the Sun's Face eternal Darkneſs ſhroud:
Should the vaſt Univerſe about him reel,
And Nature's ſelf her laſt Convulſions feel:
Should Hell below the Earth's ſtrong Fabrick rend,
And all around devouring Fires aſcend:
Safe in the gen'ral Wreck, he'd take his Flight,
Born on the Funeral Flame, to everlaſting Light.

FINIS.

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